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No paper will be discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the discretion of the editors.

Whoever will become responsible for the payment of nine papers, shall receive a tenth *gratis*.

ADVERTISEMENTS will be inserted on the customary terms.

No advertisement inserted until it has been paid for, or its payment assumed by some person in this town, or its vicinity.

All letters to the editors must be *post-paid*, or they will not be attended to.

FROM THE AMERICAN FARMER.

An effectual method of preserving poultry houses free from vermin.

SIR: As I do not know that you have positively interdicted all communications from *farmeresses*, I must ask you to record a grand discovery, which I consider myself to have made, in the noble art of—*raising poultry*.

It may save much trouble to my sister housewives, to whom, according to the order prescribed by the *lords of the creation*, this department of domestic economy has been assigned. It is well known, that in this branch of our humble duties, the greatest difficulty arises from our poultry houses being so much infested with *vermin*; or, to be more plain, in the slang of the poultry-yard, with *chicken lice*. Now, I have proved, by long experience, that they will not resort to houses where-in the roosts, nest boxes, &c. are made of *sassafras wood*. You may smile, and ask me the reason of it: I tell you I am no philosopher—our business, you know, is with *plain duty and matter of fact*, almost denied the faculty of reason, and positively forbidden to exercise what we have; hence a *learned woman*, you know, is the most odious animal in creation, and a lady dare not read a word of natural philosophy, at the expense of never getting married. But I tell you *sassafras wood* will keep lice out of hen-houses: I know it to be a fact, and when you will tell me, why it is, that chips of cedar wood or tobacco will keep woollen free from *moth*, then I will endeavour to tell you why it is, that *sassafras wood* will keep away chicken lice—one is universally known to be true, the other one less true, though less known.

A SPINSTER.

Omissions, &c.

From an essay in the *Democratic Press*, (Philadelphia,) on the election of President, we make the following extracts, as showing the efficiency of a Republican Government, its superiority, in every respect, over a monarchical, and the claims it has to the affections and support of every American. The seeming opposition of interests between different sections of our country, the honest but erroneous opinions of some, and the ambitious designs of others, may create occasional contentions and sectional jealousies, causing alarm, and threatening danger to the Union: but we cannot believe that the enlightened and free people of this happy country, will ever let passion, or prejudice, or want of reflection, lead them to break asunder those cords which bind us together, and render us a great, a powerful, and a respectable nation: that they will ever consent to risk all the positive blessings which they now enjoy, all the safety which they now feel, all the prospects which lie before them, to obtain an additional, but doubtful good, or to remove a present evil, when the effects of its removal might produce a greater one, than that attempted to be got rid of. But our only motive in the commencement of these remarks, was to recommend the following extracts to the perusal and serious reflection of our readers:

Monarchs and aristocrats object to democratic institutions, their alleged liability to instability and turbulence. But look at the practical demonstrations latterly extant.

Excepting a short interval of discomposure, during part of Mr. Adams's administration, the policy of the United States has been always the same. During that period, all Europe has been completely revolutionized, not only by popular insurrections, but by the demises of crowns, abrupt changes of ministry, and other like vicissitudes inherent in absolute governments. Not only so—but universal discontents and revolts now accompany universal peace, and what is called prosperity. The most frightful confederacy of crowns, that ever menaced mankind, has declared interminable war upon all the natural rights of man.

The system of this country has been universally pacific, commercial and patient. Franklin inculcated it—Jefferson practised it—Madison was reluctantly compelled to lay it aside for a moment, on the most imperious occasions, and recurred to it as soon as practicable. Monroe has uniformly adhered to it.

The stream of prosperity, on which the American nation has been borne to greatness, attests the worth of such a system. Their government and condition are the admiration and envy of the civilized world.

If put to vote, would king George be a king, or Louis the eighteenth, or Francis the second? While the President of the United States owes his elevation to the unanimity of universal suffrage, the only popular monarch in Europe obtained his crown by the strangling of his father—Count Capo D'Istria, a highly accomplished minister of that monarch, (by birth Corsican,) excused the holy alliance to an American gentleman by saying, that, as there were thirty-eight millions of barbarians of the forty millions composing the Russian empire, such strong guards were indispensable to the throne.

The monarchs of Europe tax their subjects to maintain a million of men in arms, as has been lately truly said by Burdett, for no other purpose, now in peace and prosperity, than to make war on their own subjects. The people of these United States pay no taxes, have scarcely any army, and can change their rulers whenever they please. Does not the unanimous re-election of a chief magistrate prove that democratic institutions are not only the cheapest and wisest, but the steadiest in the world?

While all the scaffolds of Europe are continually reddening with traitors' blood, not a traitor has ever been executed in this country.

While all the prisons of Europe are crowded with rebels and seditionists, not a symptom of turbulence or insubordination exists here; and sedition, like toleration, is a thing unknown, because there is no action for it.

These glances at things comprise, it is supposed, some reasons why a presidential re-election is, in the abstract, a desirable event, as evidence of that virtue, which is said to be the vital spirit of republics."

NEW SYSTEM OF BANKING.

From an advertisement, signed "Leroy Pope, President of the Planters' and Mechanics' Bank of Huntsville," we learn that the said Bank will "receive cotton on consignment, and ship the same, on account and risk of the owners, to any port in the United States, and will advance, on delivery of the cotton in Huntsville, ten cents per pound, and will pay the balance of the net proceeds, at the Huntsville Bank, as soon as the cotton is sold and the money received." This is the only instance in the United States where a BANK has become a COMMISSION MERCHANT!

[Clarion.

Shortly after the establishment of the Apprentices' Library in Boston, a young man of about 17 years of age, apprentice to a shoemaker, applied and enquired for "Euclid's Elements." The Librarian did not immediately know how to receive such an unexpected application. He told the lad that it was not at present in the collection; but soon would be. Anxious to know the real drift of the lad, he conveyed him to the professor of Mathematics in the University, who, after some conversation, exclaimed to the Librarian, "If this lad is properly encouraged, he will turn me out of my chair in a few years."

From the "Mirror of Taste."

Blair and Campbell.—Perhaps there never was a more palpable plagiarism than the following passages discover:—

"Like those of angels, few and far between."

[Blair's Grave.

"Like angel's visits, few and far between."

[Campbell's Pleasures of Hope.

A RARE BOOK.

We copied, in last Saturday's paper, a paragraph from a London paper, descriptive of a book, rare for its age, and from its being an unique. The latter quality makes it particularly valuable to bibliophiles. There is, however, in the possession of Mr. Peter Force, of this city, a much greater literary curiosity, and, we presume, one of the oldest books in existence. The Title of it, which is found at the end of the book, with the imprint, is as follows:—

"*Quæstiones disputatae luculenter disserte*
Beato Thome aquinatis. Ad me Johannem
koel hoeff de Labeck Colonie incolumi diligenter
impresse Anno 1473 finiunt."

This book of St. Thomas Aquinas is, notwithstanding its early date, printed on a handsome German text type, and with a fairness and neatness seldom equalled at the present day. The *ink*, in particular, is much better than is now generally used. The book is one year older than a book which has become cel-

brated from the account of it which is given in Thomas's History of Printing. It is a Bible belonging to Isaiah Thomas, Esq. one of the fathers of printing in this country, printed in Venice, in 1476, in the Latin Vulgate; and the description of it will answer pretty well for that which we have seen here.

The art of printing, on wooden blocks, was invented by Faust, at Strasburgh, about the year 1440; and in the next year, separate types were used. Types were cast in 1452; so that this book was printed within thirty-five years after the first rude attempts at printing. The art was introduced into England in 1471, by Wm. Caxton, only four years before this book was *finished*. We find the name and era of the printer on Thomas's List, thus stated: "Cologne, John Koelhoff, 1470," which was the date at which he commenced the trade, which he had probably learnt of the first printer on types.

There are in the Library of Congress many curiosities in Literature, more valuable than this book, but none so old. Among them is Debree's Collection of Voyages, in three volumes folio, a work so scarce that a copy of it is valued, in an English catalogue of rare books, at twelve hundred pounds sterling! There is also Purchas's Pilgrimage, a single small volume, valued at fifty pounds, and many others in equally high esteem, of which Congress became possessed by the fortunate chance of obtaining, by purchase, Mr. Jefferson's Library.—[Nat. Intel.

FROM THE ALBANY GAZETTE.

SWARING.

Of all the crimes that ever disgraced society, that of swearing admits of the least palliation. Nothing can be offered to justify an impious oath; and yet it is the most common thing. Visit what class of people you may, from the votaries of the midnight stew to the most elevated walks in life, you hear imprecations that would astound the ears of a stoic, and wound the feelings of the least reflecting mind. No possible benefit can be derived from profanity; nothing is held forth as a temptation to commit the act; nothing, but the perverseness and depravity of human nature, would ever have suggested such a thing as this crime; yet, such is its prevalence, that by many it is mistaken for a fashionable acquirement, and considered as indicative of energy and decision of character. Fatal delusion!—Reflect, young man! Has not the same imperious mandate which says, "Thou shalt not kill," said in terms as strong, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain?" Pause, then, before you suffer that dire oath again to pollute your lips; or before you have uttered the imprecation, an avenging Omnipotence may call you to complete the sentence in another world!

Foreign Advices.

LIVERPOOL, OCT. 6.

Letter of COUNSELLOR PHILLIPS to the King.

The following excellent letter to the king, from the pen of that celebrated barrister, Charles Phillips, Esq. we doubt not, will be read with peculiar pleasure, as it relates most particularly to the situation of our persecuted queen. It is unnecessary to remark on the beauties of the composition; the work will speak for itself:

SIRE: When I presume to address you on the subject which afflicts and agitates the country, I do so with the most profound sentiments of respect and loyalty. But I am no flatterer. I wish well to your illustrious house, and therefore I address you in the tone of simple truth—the interests of the king and queen are identified, and her majesty's advocate must be yours. The degradation of any branch of your family must, in some degree, compromise the dignity of all; and be assured there is as much danger as discredit in familiarizing the public eye to such a spectacle. I have no doubt that the present exhibition is not your royal wish; I have no doubt it is the work of wily sycophants and slanderers, who have persuaded you of what they know to be false, in the base hope that it may turn out to be profitable.

With the view, then, of warning you against interested hypocrisy, and of giving to your heart its natural humane and noble inclination, I invoke your attention to the situation of your persecuted consort. I implore of you to consider whether it would not be for the safety of the state, for the tranquility of the country, for the honor of your house, and for the interests alike of royalty and humanity, that a helpless female should be permitted to pass in peace the few remaining years which unmerited misery has spared to her.

It is now, sire, about five and twenty years since her majesty landed on the shores of Eng-

land—a princess by birth—a queen by marriage—the relative of kings, and the daughter and the sister of a hero. She was then young; direct from the indulgence of a paternal court; the blessing of her aged parents, of whom she was the hope and stay, and happiness shone brightly o'er her; her life had been all sunshine; time for her had only trod on flowers; and if the visions which endear, and decorate, and hallow home, were vanished forever, still did she resign them for the sacred name of wife, the sworn affections of her royal husband, and the allegiance of a glorious and gallant people. She was no more to see her noble father's hand unheil the warrior's brow to fondle o'er his child; no more for her a mother's tongue delighted as it taught: that ear which never heard a strain; that eye which never opened on a scene, but that of careless, crimeless, cloudless infancy, was now about to change its dulcet tones and fairy visions for the accent and the country of the stranger. But she had heard the character of Britons; she knew that chivalry and courage co-existed; she knew that where the brave man and the free man dwelt, the very name of woman bore a charmed sway; and where the voice of England echoed your royal pledge, to "love, and worship, and cleave to her alone," she but looked upon your Site's example, and your nation's annals, and was satisfied.

Pause and contemplate her enviable station at the hour of these unhappy nuptials! The created world could scarcely exhibit a more interesting spectacle. There was no earthly bliss of which she was not either in the possession or the expectancy. Royal alike by birth and by alliance; honored as the choice of England's heir, reputed as the most accomplished gentleman in Europe; her reputation spotless as the unfallen snow; her approach heralded by a people's prayer, and her footsteps obliterated by an obsequious nobility; her youth, like the lovely season which it typified, one crowded garland of rich and fragrant blossoms, refreshing every eye with present beauty, and filling every heart with promised benefits! No wonder that she feared no famine in that spring-tide of her happiness; no wonder that her speech was rapture, and her step was buoyancy! She was the darling of her parents' hearts; a kingdom was her dower; her very glance, like the sun of heaven, diffused light, and warmth, and luxury around it; in her public hour, fortune concentrated all its rays upon her, and when she shrank from its too radiant noon, it was within the shelter of a husband's love, which God and nature, and duty and morality, assured her unreluctant faith should be eternal. Such was she then, all joy and hope, and generous credulity, the credulity that springs from honor and innocence. And who could blame it? You had a world to choose, and she was your selection; your ages were compatible; your births were equal; you had drawn her from the house where she was honorable and happy; you had a prodigal allowance showered on you by the people; you had bowed your anointed head before the altar, and sworn by its majesty to cherish and protect her, and this you did in the presence of that moral nation from whom you hold the crown, and in the face of that church of which you were the guardian. The ties which bound you were of no ordinary texture; you stood not in the situation of some secluded profligate, whose brutal satiety might leave its victim to a death of solitude, where no eye could see, nor echo tell the quivings of her agony. Your elevation was too luminous and too lofty to be overlooked, and she, who confided with a vestal's faith and a virgin's purity in your honor and your morals, had a corroborative pledge in that publicity, which could not leave her to suffer or be sinned against in secret. All the calculations of her reason, all the evidence of her experience, combined their confirmation. Her own parental home was purity itself, and yours might have bound republicans to royalty; it would have been little less than treason to have doubted you; and O! she was right to brush away the painted vermin that infest a court, who would have withered up her youthful heart with the wild errors of your ripe minority! O! she was right to trust the honor of "fair England's" heir, and weigh but as a breath-blown grain of dust a thousand follies and a thousand faults balanced against the conscience of her husband. She did confide, and what has been the consequence?

History must record it, sire, when the brightest gem in your diadem shall have mouldered, that this young, confiding, inexperienced creature had scarcely heard the last congratulatory address upon her marriage, when she was exiled from her husband's bed, banished from her husband's society, and abandoned to the pollution of every slanderous sycophant who chose to crawl over her twin! Merciful God! was it meet to leave a human being so situated, with all her passions excited and inflamed, to the impulses of such abandonment? Was it meet thus to subject her inexperienced youth to the scorpion stinging of exasperated pride, and all its incidental paternal temptations? Was it right to fling the shadow of a husband's frown upon the then unsullied snow of her reputation? Up to the blight of that all withering hour no human tongue dared to asperse her character. The sun of pa-

erage was not then strong enough to quicken into life the serpent brood of slanderers; no starveling aliens, no hungry tribe of local expectants, then hoped to fatten upon the offals of the royal reputation. She was not long enough in widowhood to give the spy and the perjurer even a color for their inventions. The peculiarities of the foreigner, the weakness of the female, the natural vivacity of youthful innocence, could not then be tortured into "demonstrations strong;" for you, yourself, in your recording letter, had left her purity not only *unimpeached*, but unsuspected. That invaluable letter, the living document of your separation, gives us the sole reason for your exile, that your "inclinations" were not in your power! That, sire, and that alone, was the terrific reason you gave your consort for this public and heart rending degradation. Perhaps they are not; but, give me leave to ask, are not the obligations of religion independent of us? Has any man a right to square the solemnities of marriage according to his *rude caprices*? Am I, your lowly subject, to understand that I may kneel before the throne of God, and promise conjugal fidelity till death, and self-absolve myself whatever moment it suits my "inclination?" Not so will that mired bench, who see her majesty arraigned before them, read to you this ceremony. They will tell you it is the most solemn ordinance of man; consecrated by the approving presence of our Savior; acknowledged by the whole civilized community; the source of life's purest pleasures, and of death's happiest consolations; the rich fountain of our life and being, whose draught not only purifies existence, but causes man to live in his posterity: they will tell you that it cannot perish by "inclination," but by crime, and that if there is any difference between the prince and the peasant who invoke its obligation, it is in the more enlarged duty entailed on him, to whom the Almighty has vouchsafed the influence of example.

Thus, then, within one year after her marriage, was she flung "like a loathsome weed" upon the world, no cause assigned except your loathsome inclination! It mattered nothing, that, for you she had surrendered all her worldly prospects—that she had left her home, her parents, and her country—that she had confided in the honor of a prince, and the heart of a man, and the faith of a Christian; she had, it seems, in one little year "outlived your liking," and the poor, abandoned, branded, heart-rent outcast, must bear it all in silence, for—she was a *defenceless woman and a stranger*. Let any man of ordinary feeling think on her situation at this trying crisis, and say he does not feel his heart's blood boil within him! Poor unfortunate! who could have envied her salaried shane and her royal humiliation? The lowest peasant in her reversionary realm was happy in the comparison. The parents that loved her were far, far away—the friends of her youth were in another land—she was alone and among strangers, and he who should have rushed between her and the bolt of heaven, left her exposed to a rude world's caprices. And yet she lived, and lived without a murmur; her tears were silent—her sighs were lonely; and when you perhaps in the rich blaze of earth's magnificence forgot that such a wretch existed, no reproach of hers awoke your slumbering memory. Perhaps she cherished the visionary hope, that the babe whose perilous infancy she cradled might one day be her helpless mother's advocate! How fondly did she trace each faint resemblance! Each little casual paternal smile, which played upon the features of that child, and might some distant day be her redemption! How, as it lisped the sacred name of father, did she hope its innocent infant tone might yet awake within that father's breast some fond association! Oh, sacred fancies! Oh, sweet and solemn vision of a mother—who but must hallow thee! Blest be the day-dream that beguiles her heart, and robes each cloud that hovers o'er her child in airy colours of that heart's creation! Too soon life's wintry whirlwind must come to sweep the prisms vapour into nothing.

Thus, Sire, for many and many a heavy year did your deserted queen beguile her solitude. Meanwhile for you a flattering world assumed its *harlot* smiles—the ready lie denied your errors—the villain courtier deified each act, which in an humble man was merely duty, and mid the din of pomp, and mirth, and revelry, if remorse spoke, 'twas inarticulate. Believe me, Sire, when all the tongues that flattered you are mute, and all the gaudy pageants that deceived you are not even a shadow, an awful voice will ask in thunder, did your poor wife deserve this treatment, merely from some distaste of "inclination?" It must be answered. Did not the altar's vow demand a strict fidelity, and was it not a solemn and a sworn duty, "for better and for worse," to watch and tend her—correct her waywardness by gentle chiding, and sling the fondness of a husband's love between her errors and the world? It must be answered, where the poorest rag upon the poorest beggar in your realm shall have the splendour of a coronation garment.

Sad, alas! were these sorrows of her solitude, but sad as they were they were but in their infancy. The first blow passed—a second and severer followed. The darling child, over whose couch she shed her silent tear—upon whose head she poured her daily benediction—in whose infant smile she lived, and moved, and had her being was torn away, and in the mother's sweet endearments she could no longer lose the miseries of the wife. Her father, and her laureled brother too, upon the field of battle, sealed a life of glory, happy in a soldier's death, far happier that this dreadful day was spared them! Her sole surviving parent followed soon, and though they left her almost alone on earth, yet how could she regret them? she has at least the bitter consolation.

then, that their poor child's miseries did not break their hearts. Oh! miserable woman! made to rejoice over the very grave of her kindred, in mournful gratitude that their hearts are marble.

During a long probation of exile and of woe, bereft of parents, country, child and husband, she had one solace still—her *character* was unblemished. By a refinement upon cruelty, even that consolation was denied her. Twice had she to undergo the inquisition of a *secret trial* originating in foul *conspiracy*, and ending in complete *acquittal*. The charity of her nature was made the source of crime—The peculiarities inseparable from her birth were made the ground of accusation—her very servants were questioned whether every thought, and word, and look, and gesture, and visit, were not all so many *overt acts* of adultery; and when her most sacred moments had been heartlessly explored, the tardy verdict which freed her from the guilt, could not absolve her from the humiliating consciousness of the accusation. Your gracious father, indeed, with a benevolence of heart more royal than his royalty, interposed his arm between innocence & punishment; for punishment it was, most deep and grievous, to meet disownment from all your family, and see the same which had defied all proof, made the capricious sport of hint and insinuation; while that father lived, she still had some protection;—even in his night of life there was a sanctity about him which averted the daring of the highway slanderer; his honest, open, genuine *English* look, would have silenced a whole banditti of Italians. Your father acted on what he professed—he was not more reverenced as a king than he was beloved and respected as a man; and no doubt he felt how poignant it must have been to be denounced as a criminal, without crime, and treated as a widow in her husband's life time. But death was busy with her best protectors, and the venerable form is lifeless now, which would have shielded a daughter and a Brunswick. He would have warned the Milan panders to beware the honor of his ancient house; he would have told them, that a prying, pettifogging, purchased inquisition upon the unconscious privacy of a royal female, was not in the spirit of the English character; he would have disdained the *petty larceny* of any *diplomatic pick pocket*; and he would have told the whole rabble of Italian informers and swindling ambassadors, that his daughter's existence should not become a perpetual proscription; that she was doubly allied to him by birth and marriage; and that those who exacted all a wife's obedience, should have previously procured for her a husband's countenance.—God reward him! There is not a father or a husband in the land, whose heart does not at this moment make a pilgrimage to his monument.

Thus having escaped from two conspiracies equally affecting her honor and life, finding all conciliation hopeless, bereft by death of every natural protector, and fearing perhaps that *practice might make perjury consistent*, she reluctantly determined upon leaving England. One pang alone embittered her departure; her darling, and, in despite of all disownment, her dutous child clung round her heart with natural tenacity. Parents who love and feel that very love compelling separation, alone can feel for her.—Yet how could she subject that devoted child to the humiliation of her mother's misery!—How reduce her to the sad alternative of selecting between separated parents! She chose the generous, the noble sacrifice—self banished, the world was before her—one grateful sigh for England—one tear—the last, last tear upon her daughter's head—and she departed.

Oh, Sire, imagine her at that departure!—How changed! how fallen, since a few short years before, she touched the shores of England! The day beam fell not on a happier creature—creation caught new colors from her presence, joy sounded its timbrel as she passed, and the flowers of birth, of beauty, and of chivalry, bowed down before her—But now, alone, an orphan and a widow! her gallant brother in his shroud of glory: no arm to shield, no tongue to advocate, no friend to follow an o'erclouded fortune, branded, degraded, desolate, she flung herself once more upon the wave, to her less fickle than a husband's promises! I do not wonder that she has to pass through a severer ordeal, because impunity gives persecution confidence. But I marvel indeed much, that then, after the agony of an *ex parte* trial, and the triumph of a complete though lingering exculpation, the natural spirit of English justice did not stand embodied between her and the shore, and bear her indignant to your capital. The people, the peerage, the prelacy, should have sprung into unanimous procession; all that was noble, or powerful, or consecrated in the land, should have borne her to the palace gate, and demanded why their queen presented to their eye this gross anomaly! Why her anointed brow should bow down in the dust when a British verdict had pronounced her innocent! Why she was refused that conjugal restitution, which her humblest subject had a right to claim! Why the annals of their time should be disgraced, and the morals of their nation endure the taint of this terrific precedent: and why it was that after their countless sacrifices for your royal house, they should be cursed with this *pageantry* of royal humiliation! Had they so acted, the dire affliction of this day might have been spared us. We should not have seen the filthy sewers of Italy disgorge a living leprosy upon our throne; and slaves and spies, imported from a creedless brothel, land to attain the sacred majesty of England! But who, alas! will succour the unfortunate? The cloud of your displeasure was upon her, and the gay, glittering, countless insect-swarm of summer friends, abide but in the sunbeam. She passed away—with sympathy I doubt not, but

Who could have thought, that in a foreign land the restless fiend of persecution would have haunted her? Who could have thought, that in those distant climes, where her distracted brain had sought oblivion, the demoniac malice of her enemies would have followed? Who could have thought, that any human form which hid a heart, would have scalked after the mourner in her wanderings, to note and con every unconscious gesture? Who could have thought, that such a man there was, who had drank at the pure fountain of our British law! who had seen eternal justice in her sanctuary! who had invoked the shades of Holt and Hardwicke, and held high converse with those mighty spirits, whom mercy haled in Heaven as her representatives on earth!

Yet such a man there was, who, on the classic shores of Como, even in the land of the immortal Roman, where every stone entombed a hero, and every scene was redolent of genius, forgot his name, his country, and his calling, to hound each coinable and rabble slander! Oh sacred shades of our departed sages! avert your eyes from this unhallowed spectacle; the spotless clime is unsullied still; the ark yet stands untainted in the temple, and should unconsecrated hands assail it, there is a lightning still, which would not slumber! No, no; the judgment seat of British law is to be soared, not *crawled* to; it must be sought upon an eagle's pinion, and gazed at by an eagle's eye; there is a radiant purity around it, to blast the glance of groveling speculation. His labor was in vain, sire. The people of England will not listen to Italian witnesses, nor ought they. Our queen has been, before this, twice assailed, and assailed on the same charges. Adultery, nay, pregnancy, was positively sworn to; one of the ornaments of our navy, captain Manby, and one of the most glorious heroes who ever gave a nation immortality; a spirit of Marathon or old Thermopylae; he who planted England's red cross on the walls of Acre, and shewed Napoleon it was invincible, were the branded traitors to their sovereign's bed!—Englishmen, and, greater scandal, *English-women*, persons of rank, and birth, and education, were found to depose to this infernal charge! The royal mandate issued for enquiry; lord Erskine, lord Ellenborough, a man who had dandled accusations from his cradle, sat on the commission; and what was the result? They found a verdict of *perjury against her base accusers*! The very child for whose parentage she might have shed her sacred blood, was proved beyond all possible denial, to have been but the adoption of her charity. "We are happy to declare to your majesty our perfect conviction, that there is no foundation whatever for believing (I quote the very words of the commissioners) that the child now with the princess, is the child of her royal highness, or that she was delivered of any child in the year 1802; nor has any thing appeared to us, which would warrant the belief that she was pregnant in that year, or at any other period within the compass of our enquiries." Yet people of rank and station, moving in the highest society in England, admitted even to the sovereign's court, actually volunteered their sworn attestation to this falsehood.

Twenty years have rolled over her since, and yet the same foul charge of adultery, sustained not as before by the plausible fabrications of Englishmen, but bolstered by the habitual invention of the Italians, is sought to be affixed to the *evening of her life*, in the face of a generous and loyal people! A kind of *sacrament shipload*—a packed and assorted cargo of human affidavits has been consigned, it seems, from Italy to Westminster; thirty-three thousand pounds of the people's money paid the pedler who selected the articles; and with this infected freight, which should have performed quarantine before it vomited its *moral pestilence* amongst us, the queen of England is sought to be attainted! It cannot be, Sire: we have given much, very much indeed, to foreigners, but we will not concede to them the hard-earned principles of British justice. It is not to be endured, that two acquittals should be followed by a third experiment; that when the English testament has failed, an *Italian missal's* kiss shall be resorted to; that when people of character here have been discredited, others should be recruited who have no character anywhere; but above all it is intolerable, that a *defenceless woman* should pass her life in endless persecution, with one trial in swift succession following another, in the hope, perhaps, that her noble heart which has defied all proof, should perish in the torture of eternal accusation. Send back, then, to Italy, those allied adventurers: the land of their birth, and the habits of their lives, alike unfit them for an English court of justice. There is no spark of freedom—no grace of religion—no sense of morals in their degenerate soil. Effeminate in manners; sensual from their cradles; crafty, venal, and officious; naturalized to crime, outcasts of credulity; they have seen from their infancy their court a *bagno*; their churches scenes of daily assassination! their faith is form; their marriage ceremony a mere mask for the most incestuous intercourse; gold is the God before which they prostrate every impulse of their nature. "Auri sacra fames! quid non mortalia pectora cogis?" the once indignant exclamation of their antiquity, has become the maxim of their modern practice.

No nice extreme a *true Italian* knows: But, bid him go to Hell—to Hell he goes. Away with them any where from us—they cannot live in England; they will die in the purity of its moral atmosphere. Meanwhile, during this accursed scrutiny, even while the legal blood-hounds were on the scent, the last dear stay which bound her to the world parted, the *princess Charlotte died*! I will not harrow up a father's feelings, by dwelling on this *upstart* spectacle of illustrious rank and royal

dreadful recollection. The poet says, that even grief finds comfort in society, and England wept with you. But, O God! what must have been that hapless mother's misery, when first the dismal tidings came upon her! The darling child over whose cradle she had shed so many tears; whose lightest look was treasured in her memory; who, mid the world's frown, still smiled upon her; the fair and lovely flower, which, when her orb was quenched in tears, lost not its filial, its divine fidelity. It was blighted in its blossom; its verdant stem was withered! and in a foreign land she heard it, and alone—no, not quite alone. The myrmidons of British hate were round her; and when her heart's salt tears were blinding her, a German nobleman was *floundering* her letters. Befit you, sire, if that fair paragon of daughters lived, would England's heart be wrung with this inquiry? Oh! she would have torn the diamonds from her brow, and dashed each royal mockery to the earth, and rushed before the people, not in a monarch's but in *nature's majesty*; a child appealing for her persecuted mother! and God would bless the sight, and man would hallow it, and every little infant in the land who felt a mother's warm tear upon her cheek, would turn by instinct to that sacred summons. Your daughter, in her shroud, is *yet alive*, sire—her spirit is amongst us—it rose unburied when her poor mother landed—it walks amid the people—it has left the angels to protect a parent.

The theme is sacred, and I will not sully it; I will not recapitulate the griefs, and worse than griefs—the little, pitiful, deliberate insults which are burning on every tongue in England. Every hope blighted—every friend disconcerted—her kindred in the grave—her declared innocence made but the herald to a more cruel accusation—her two trials followed by a third, a third on the same charges—her royal character insinuated away by German *picklocks* and Italian conspirators—her divorce sought by an extraordinary procedure, upon grounds untenable before any usual law or ecclesiastical tribunal—her name meanly erased from the liturgy—her natural rights as a mother disregarded, and her civil rights as a queen sought to be exterminated—and all this—all, because she dared to touch the sacred soil of liberty! because she did not banish herself, an implied adulteress! because she would not be bribed into an abandonment of herself and of the generous country over which she has been called to reign, and to which her heart is bound by the most tender ties, and the most indelible obligations. Yes, she might have lived wherever she selected, in all the magnificence which boundless bribery could procure for her, offered her by those who affect such tenderness for your royal character, and such devotion to the honor of your royal bed. If they thought her guilty, as they allege, this daring offer was a double treason—treason to your majesty, whose honor they compromised—treason to the people, whose money they thus prostituted. But she spurned the infamous temptation, and she was right. She was right to front her insatiable accusers—even were she guilty, never was there a victim with such crying paliations—but all innocent, as in my conscience I believe her to be, not perhaps of the levities contingent on her birth, and which shall not be converted into constructive crime, but of the cruel charge of adultery, now for a third time produced against her. She was right, bereft of the court, which was her natural residence, and all-buoyant with innocence as she felt, bravely to fling herself upon the wave of the people—that people will protect her—Britain's red cross is her flag, and Brunswick's spirit is her pilot—May the Almighty send the royal vessel triumphant into harbor!

Sire, I am almost done—I have touched but slightly on your queen's misfortunes—I have contracted the volume of her misfortunes to a page, and if on that page one word offend you, impute it to my zeal, not my intention. Accustomed all my life to speak the simple truth, I offer it with fearless honesty to my sovereign. You are in a difficult, it may be in a most perilous emergency. Banish from your court the sycophants who abuse you—surround your palace with approving multitudes, not with armed mercenaries. Other crowns may be bestowed by despots and entrenched by cannon; but

The throne we honor is the people's choice.

Its safest bulwark is the popular heart, and its brightest ornament *domestic virtue*. Forget not, also, there is a throne which is *above even* the throne of England—where flatterers cannot come, where kings are sceptreless. The vows you made are written in language brighter than the sun, and in the course of nature, you must soon confront them. Prepare the way by effacing now each seeming slight, and fancied injury; and when you answer the last awful trumpet, be your answer this:—"GOD, I FORGAVE, I HOPE TO BE FORGIVEN."

But if, against all policy, and all humanity, and all religion, you should hearken to the counsels which further countenance this unmanly persecution, then must I appeal not to you, but to your parliament. I appeal to the *sacred treaty of England*, whether the holy vows which their high church administered, have been kept towards this illustrious lady—whether the hand of man should have erased her from that page, with which it is worse than blasphemy in man to interfere—whether, as heaven's vicegerents, they will not adjure the sordid passions of the earth, imitate the inspired humanity of their Saviour, and, like Him, protect a persecuted creature from the insatiate fangs of ruthless, bloody, and unerring accusation!

I appeal to the hereditary peerage of the realm, whether they will aid this leveling denunciation of their queen—whether they will exhibit the

sineage, degraded for the crime of claiming its inheritance—whether they will hold a sort of civil crimination, where the accused is entitled to the *mercy of an impeachment*—or whether they will say with their immortal ancestors—“ We will not tamper with the laws of England.”

I appeal to the ermine, independent judges whether life is to be made a perpetual indictment—whether two acquittals should not disown a third experiment—whether, if any subject-suitor came to their tribunal *thus circumstanced*, claiming either divorce or compensation, they would grant his suit—and invoke from them, by the eternal majesty of British justice, the same measure for the peasant and the prince!

I appeal to the Commons in parliament assembled, representing the fathers and the husbands of the nation—I beseech them by the outraged morals of the land! by the overshadowed dignity of the throne! by the holiest and tenderest forms of religion! by the honor of the army, the sanctity of the church, the safety of the state, and the character of the country! by the solemn virtues which consecrate their hearts! by those fond endearments of nature and of habit which attach them to their cherished wives and families, I implore their tears, their protection, and their pity upon the married widow and the childless mother.

To those high powers and authorities I appeal with the firmest confidence in their honor, their integrity, and their wisdom. May their conduct justify my faith, and raise no blush on the cheek of our posterity.

I have the honor to subscribe myself, sire, your majesty's most faithful subject,

CHARLES PHILLIPS.

NEW-YORK, Oct. 30.

VERY LATE FROM EUROPE.

Yesterday morning the brig *White Oak*, capt. Fowler, arrived from Liverpool, after a passage of 22 days, furnishing Liverpool dates to the 4th of October. In the afternoon the regular trading ship *Importer*, capt. Lee, arrived from the same port in 21 days. By this arrival the editors of the *Commercial Advertiser* have received from their correspondents the *London Courier* to the evening of the 4th October, inclusive; *Lloyd's List* to the 3d; *Liverpool Trade List* and papers to the 6th.

The house of lords met on the 3d of October, pursuant to adjournment. The London papers say that the interest excited on the trial of the Queen increases as it progresses. The crowd which filled the streets, and who were pressing towards the house of lords, was greater than on any former occasion. Between ten and eleven o'clock, it seemed “as if all the populace of London and the vicinity had collected between Black-Friar's Bridge and Millbank, covering not only the Strand, and the space from Whitehall southward, but Black-Friar's, Waterloo, and Westminster Bridges, and every intermediate street from which a view of the river could be had—or hoped for. At 11 o'clock, although a great part of the procession had passed, it was impossible to get nearer to Waterloo Bridge than the houses on the north side of the Strand opposite to it. The number of boats far exceeded that collected by any of the annual shows on the water. Among these, *three large steam vessels*, filled with passengers, made a conspicuous figure. A very large barge, with flags and a band of music, contained the chiefs of the procession, and many females.

After some preliminary business, the Queen's counsels were called in, and Mr. Brougham commenced his speech, which was not concluded until the next day at half past twelve. This speech occupies fifteen columns of the *Courier*. At twenty minutes past one, Mr. Williams advanced to the bar, and was proceeding to address the house, when the Lord Chancellor observed, “that, as it appeared to be the intention of Mr. W. to follow Mr. Brougham in a second address, he must remind their lordships, that it was at their discretion whether to admit the course contemplated by the counsel for the defence; but he was sure the house would agree with him, that in so important a case, it would be best exercised by permitting it.” The suggestion was unanimously acceded to, and Mr. Williams commenced. The speech of this gentleman is not contained in the *London papers*.

The house of lords assembled on the 3d. Apologies were made for the non-attendance of several peers.—Among those absent were lord Sheffield, the bishop of Bangor, the earl of Chichester, and duke of Newcastle; lords Gambier, Harwood, and Hillsboro, did not answer on the call.

The discussion commenced with some explanations on the affairs of the Marietta, at Milan.

Counsel were then called in, and Mr. Brougham commenced an address about half past 10, and continued till one, when he was indulged three quarters of an hour; he then resumed, and continued his speech till 4, when the house adjourned. He finished on the following day, in the afternoon. His remarks occupy 18 of the close columns of the *Times*. He closed in a very solemn manner, as follows:

“My Lords: I implore and entreat of you to pause before you pronounce your best judgment on the evidence that has been produced. If you do not, it will be the only judgment that will fail of producing the intended effect, and return upon yourselves. Rescue your country from the impending danger. Rescue the throne from the jeopardy in which it is at present placed. Rescue the church from the ruin which threatens it. Rescue the aristocracy of England from the execrations of that people, separated from whom, you can no more escape than the blossom torn from the stem. The King and the Church have been pleased to exclude the Queen from the prayers of the nation; but the prayers of her people have been doubled and redoubled, and never shall I cease to implore of the Throne of Mercy to shower down the treasure of its mercy on that generous people which the conduct of their rulers does not deserve.”

At the meeting on the 28th at Freemason's Hall, Mr. Hobhouse was called to the chair. It was resolved, That Ministers have wantonly and wickedly entrapped their sovereign into a despotic persecution of the Queen, in which the laws and constitution were violated, and that the said ministers deserve impeachment, &c. Alderman Wood congratulated the meeting on the evidence that was to be produced; which, he said he could assert, would come out like thunder upon all.

It appears by the language of the Emperor Alexander, in his speech at the opening of the Polish diet, on the 13th of September, that the recent changes in Spain, Naples, and Portugal, are meditated at St. Petersburg with no friendly eye. The progress of the revolution is ascribed to the “spirit of evil” in one part of Europe, and the heaping of crimes and convulsions on each other.

About 30 witnesses had arrived in favor of the Queen. Their reception in England was quite the reverse of those who landed at Dover, and who came over in behalf of the Crown.

NAPLES.

The intelligence from Naples is to the 12th of Sept. A letter of that date states, “that accounts had been received from Sicily of a singular battle between the

Royalists and Palermians, in which the latter were defeated, with the loss of a greater part of their force; and that colonel Costa had entered Palermo, on the 9th, at the head of his army. The battle is said to have taken place about 16 miles from Palermo, and the news to have been received by telegraph, and is generally credited.” A London paper of October 2d, says that several other letters have been received, which furnish the same intelligence.

The emperor of Austria has addressed a note to the German courts, respecting the affairs of Naples. We regret our limits will not admit of its insertion at length. The emperor says:

“The late events in the kingdom of Naples have proved more clearly and impressively than any other preceding occurrences of this kind, that even in a regular and well-governed state, among a quiet, temperate people, satisfied with their government, the poisonous influence of revolutionary sects may cause the most violent convulsions, and a sudden revolution. For it is clearly demonstrated, that the intrigues of the Carbonari alone, with any external impulse—without any even plausible pretext, caused those seditions movements which induced his majesty, the king of Naples, in a moment of embarrassment to lay down the government, to dissolve all the existing authority, and to proclaim a constitution absolutely foreign to his country, and as yet untried, even in the country which gave it birth—in other words, anarchy is law.

“His majesty, the emperor, is convinced that this unexpected event will have made the most lively impression on all the German courts. It teaches, by a memorable example, how dangerous it is to contemplate with contemptuous indifference the operations of secret associations, and of conspiracies skulking in the dark, and how wisely the German princes have acted in opposing vigilance and vigor to the first symptoms of those dangerous attempts.”

VIENNA, SEPT. 16.

The army which is in full march for Naples, and which consisted at first of only twenty-one regiments of infantry, eight regiments of cavalry, and a corps of artillery proportioned to these forces, has been increased to forty-two regiments of infantry, and eighteen regiments of cavalry, with the necessary artillery. This army was to be assembled near Treviso, on the 15th inst. The officers of the regiments which proceed to Italy, and of those which form the garrison of this capital, have received a gratuity equal to two months' pay. It is said that general Count de Frimont will have the command in chief of the troops collected in Lombardy. Prince Philip, of Hesse Hamburg, and Count Walmoden, who are to command under him, are about to set out for the army. The Prince of Monfort, (Jerome Bonaparte,) has received permission to reside at Trieste, conformably to the wishes of his wife.

FROM ST. DOMINGO.—IMPORTANT.

NEW-YORK, NOV. 4.—Capt. Mason, of the schr. *Weymouth*, in 22 days from Port au Prince, has furnished some particulars of the disasters by the gale at that place on the 29th Sept. Three American vessels were entirely lost outside the harbor, and great damage was done to the coffee plantations in the neighborhood.

He also informs, that the Emperor Christophe died on the 5th July last, and that the circumstance had been kept secret till this time, by his family, with a view, it is said, of placing his son on the throne. A revolt, however, had taken place among the troops, and the secret was let out. A body of 6,000 troops at St. Marks had sent a deputation to Port au Prince, asking protection of the President Boyer, who was astonished at the intelligence, and would not believe it till he had seen one of his aids to ascertain the fact. The officer returned with a full confirmation of the news, and Boyer immediately set off, put himself at the head of the revolted troops, and entered St. Marks at the head of 18,000 men in triumph. Active measures were taken to fit out all the armed vessels at Port au Prince, and it was believed the President would subjugate the territory of his old enemy without any difficulty.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

BALTIMORE, NOV. 7.—By the schooner *Barracoa*, capt. Raymond, arrived at this port yesterday from Gonaves, we learn that King Henry 1st. (Christophe) committed suicide by blowing out his brains, about ten days before the sailing of the *Barracoa*. He had been struck with a paralytic in July—the army taking advantage of his incapacity to act, revolted, first at St. Marks, where they killed the governor—five regiments at the Cape were then ordered by Christophe to march against the insurgents; when assembled they refused, and turned their arms against him.

CAROLINIAN.

SALISBURY, (N. C.) TUESDAY, NOV. 21, 1820.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

“J. A.”s. communication is laid by till our next: it shall then appear.

“PUBLIUS” is on file.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

We take great pleasure in being enabled to mention the organization of a Sunday School Institution in this place, both on account of its importance to the community, and as reflecting honor on the ladies of Salisbury, through whose instrumentalities it has been put in operation, and to whose benevolence and disinterested exertions it must look for perpetuity and usefulness. This institution cannot be viewed in the light of a theoretical experiment; for its usefulness has had a practical demonstration in Great-Britain, and in almost every part of our own country; its beneficial consequences to the world are tested by the thousands who have been rescued by its means from vice and infamy; and its reward is found in the gratitude and benedictions of those who have felt its healing influences, and whose path has been radiated with its life-giving light. But it is not our intention to pronounce a eulogy on Sabbath Schools, nor to administer the unctuous of flattery to the ladies of Salisbury; for one is as unnecessary as the other would be unacceptable: but we merely wish to express our gratification at witnessing this establishment, and our hope that the results may be equal to the magnitude of the object. We are likewise assured that the gentlemen are not indifferent spectators of these laudable exertions of the ladies, but that they feel a lively interest in their successful issue.

GREAT AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS.

At the Cattle Show and Fair held at Utica, N. Y. for the county of Oneida, on the 27th ultmo, premiums were

awarded for the following uncommon productions. For two acres of corn, yielding 133 bushels per acre—for two do. yielding 121 bushels 22 quarts each—for 2 acres producing each 112 bushels 39 quarts—and for one acre the product of which was 130 bushels 26 quarts. To the spirit of improvement and emulation, awakened and nourished by Agricultural Societies, must be attributed this astonishing increase in the productions of the soil; and let a like spirit but once be excited among our farmers, and we should see our lands increase in value and our state in respectability equally with our sister states.

There is another subject, although not directly, yet collaterally connected with this, i. e. the improvement of our roads and the construction of bridges. It is a notorious fact, that our roads in general are very indifferent, and that we are lamentably deficient in bridges. Of the truth of the latter we have frequent and vexatious convictions, in the failure of our most important mail on every little freshet. This state of things should not continue. If the wealth of a state consists in the excellence of its roads, the number of its bridges and canals, where, then, is the wealth of North-Carolina? Surely it is time for men of enterprise, intelligence, and wealth, to combine their resources to improve our internal condition and to elevate the character of the state. And we trust that in this patriotic undertaking even our eastern brethren would join, without being disturbed by the fear of *innovating* on the customs and opinions of their fathers.

IMPOSTORS.

We took occasion, a few weeks ago, to put the public on their guard against impostors, who are strolling thro' the country, and under various false pretences, picking the pockets of our citizens of the avails of their industry, to pamper and feed these bloated excrescences on the public body; and we learn from the following letter that they are still practising their impositions among us, and adding insult and injury to hypocrisy. We again advise the people to keep their money in their pockets, and to lash these miscreants from their houses.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER TO THE EDITORS.

“A few days ago a man purporting himself to be a foreigner, and pretending to collect money for the unfortunate inhabitants of an Italian city, which, it would seem from his papers, had been destroyed by some mighty convulsion in nature, on his visit at two houses in this county, (Cabarrus,) solicited money, but it so happened that there was none at that time in the possession of the persons from whom he asked it. He then abused the persons belonging to those houses in a most shameful manner. At one house there were no persons present but an old man and his wife, who were unable to strike this impostor out of existence; and at the other house there was a woman with some young children, who met the same ill treatment. This villain is about 25 years of age, perhaps 5 feet 8 inches high, and has sandy hair. There are many such characters now in the United States, and it behoves the people to be on their guard against them.”

[COMMUNICATED.]

James Farewell, who now lives in Lincoln county, formerly of the Pennsylvania line, Gen. Wagner's brigades, crippled by a wound received in the revolutionary war, and placed on the pension list last winter, on receiving his certificate from the War Department entitling him to a pension, inquired of a gentleman of his acquaintance if it was sufficient, and what course to pursue; who, after giving James the necessary directions, observed—“Well, James, it is now near 40 years since you have received any thing for your public services; you must try to live as long as you can to draw for the time past.” James answered in the true soldier style—“Yes, sir, I intend to do so; but when general orders come from above, I must march then. You know, sir, that general orders must be obeyed.” A very good hint to each of us, as we are all as subject to the general orders referred to as the old soldier.

[COMMUNICATED.]

Distressing!—On Friday last, a fire broke out in Clinton, which, before its destructive progress could be arrested, destroyed one-third of the town!—that is, the grand east square!! It was truly a melancholy sight; but, thanks to the foresight of the people in not building there, no houses, but a great many stumps, fell victims to the all devouring element!

Exertions are making to establish a Penitentiary in the District of Columbia, and a memorial will be presented to Congress, the present session, to have a law passed for that purpose, and also to solicit contributions from the national treasury, or the public property in the District, “equal to the benefit which the proposed institution will directly confer on the nation.”

G. W. CAMPBELL, Esq. late Ambassador from the United States to the court of Russia, has arrived, with his family, at New-York.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

The important election of President of the United States passes over without noise and without bustle. Such are the claims of JAMES MONROE upon the confidence of the American people, resulting from the wise and patriotic tenor of his administration, that scarcely a thinking man in the country has at any period contemplated serious opposition to his re-election to that high office. And although it is true, that certain discontented characters in the city of Philadelphia, who profess to be the partisans of DEWITT CLINTON, made some stir a few days previous to the election, with the view of starting what they called an “Anti-Slavery Ticket;” yet it was only a solitary ripple on the smooth and majestic stream of the popular will—the vote even in that city furnishes a silent but pointed comment upon the folly of the attempt. How strange and inconsistent is the conduct of some men! Why could not those anti-slavery gentlemen, Col. Du-

ane and the rest, have profited from the well known Socratic lesson—first, to have spread before them a map of this great country, containing within the limits of the union twenty-four independent states, all having a voice in this election—secondly, to have found the state of Pennsylvania—thirdly, the city of Philadelphia; and then to have set about counting up their certain partisans inhabiting this small speck upon the map! What a deal of trouble they might have saved themselves in this affair of the anti-slavery ticket—and in modestly retiring from the battle, where the odds were somewhere about a million to one, their conduct would never have been liable to the ridicule and contempt of their countrymen.

But to leave these ultra patriots to their mortification. We may safely congratulate the country upon the re-election of James Monroe, by the unanimous vote of the states. This is a triumph which might gratify the ambition of even the proudest heart—hitherto it has been the lot of no man in this country, save the great and good Washington, to receive such a one; it was denied to all the other predecessors of James Monroe. Surely this gentleman must have displayed in the preceding four years of his administration, all the virtues of ancient patriotism, together with all the experience in the art of government of modern times, so to have united in his favor the various conflicting interests and once violent and bitterly opposed parties, of this extensive union. Come from what cause it may, we hail this unanimity in the choice of chief magistrate, as an omen of many happy days for our country, and as holding up to the admiration of foreign countries a beautiful illustration of popular government in the practice.—*Pet. Intelligencer.*

REPORTING ON A GRAND SCALE.

In the British house of lords, observes the N. York Evening Post, is a space allotted to the gentlemen connected with the public papers, who daily attend to take notes.—The number engaged in this employment, amounts to 130, including the morning and evening journals. Besides these, there are other gentlemen connected with the weekly journals, and with papers published either twice or thrice a week. A ticket was issued for the admission of one gentleman connected with each paper: so that there were generally 20 or 30 reporters in the house at one time. These were relieved by their coadjutors, at the end of every hour. The greatest exertions were made in this way by the evening papers, which generally published from three to four columns of the proceedings at four o'clock in the afternoon of the same day; and in second, third, and fourth editions gave sketches of the business to the adjournment. It may not be uninteresting to state, that the estimated sum annually received by the literary gentlemen connected with the London journals alone exceeds £45,000.

Salisbury Academies.

THE semi-annual examination of the pupils will commence on Monday the 4th, and close on Thursday, the 7th of December next. Parents and guardians are respectfully requested to attend.

The exercises will recommence on the first Monday of January next.

In the female department are taught reading, writing, English Grammar, arithmetic, geography, the use of the globes, belles lettres, history, drawing, painting, music, and needle-work.

In the male department are taught the usual branches of literature.

THO. L. COWAN, *Secretary.*

Wadesboro (Anson) Academy. THE semi-annual Examination of the Pupils in both Departments of this Seminary, will commence on Monday the 4th December, and terminate on the Saturday following. Parents and guardians of pupils, and the public generally, are respectfully invited to attend. By order of the Board.

Nov. 4th, 1820. W. F. SMITH, *Secretary.*

N. B. The exercises of this Seminary will commence on the second Monday in January, 1821.

3w23

State Bank of North-Carolina, Raleigh, 31st October, 1820. IT will be recollect that owners of Shares in this Bank, subscribed December, 1818, will be entitled to profit after the dividend to be declared next December, agreeably to the terms of the subscription. To the end that the names of the subscribers for this New Stock, or their assignees, may be ascertained and entered on the books of this bank, the receipts of full payments of said shares should be forwarded to this office immediately after the 15th of December next, when such receipts will be canceled, and evidences of stock issued in the names of the real owners thereof. None but those who may have fully paid for the stock on the 15th December next, will be entitled to share the profits of the institution, or considered as Stockholders.

Published by order of the Board of Directors.

5w23 WM. BOYLAN, *President.*

Strayed or Stolen.

ON the night of the 20th instant, a BAY HORSE, 14½ hands high, small star in the forehead, swamy mane, one of his hind legs white—racks at the rate of 12 miles an hour, and throws his feet an unusual distance apart. A suitable reward will be given by the subscriber, living near Charlotte, for the delivery of the horse

The Muse ! whatever the Muse insp'rs,
My soul the tuneful strain admires....scott.



FROM A LONDON ANTI-GEORGE PAPER.

1 PIRATE.

The following stanzas, (a parody on part of the Beggar's Petition,) were picked up yesterday week on the shore near Cowes. The lines that are left out were illegible, apparently from the manuscript, which was torn, having been used in keeping a refractory pair of whiskers in good order.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose gilded yacht has borne him to your shore :
Let not his wife chastise him with her fan ;
Oh ! give three cheers, if you can give no more.
These well-made clothes my wish to please to speak,
These curling locks disguise my lengthen'd years,
And the bluff whiskers on each ample cheek,
Might strike an Indian warrior with fears.
The house which once I fondly thought my own—
Scene of my triumphs—has now eas'd to shine ;
For Justice there shall fix her golden throne,
And truth, and law, and liberty, combine.
Hard is the fate of the infirm and weak !
Here, as I craved them to disgrace my wife,
They said another bride I must not seek,
And saucy Denman bade me mend my life.

Had fate reduced me, I should not repine ;
My friends have brought me to the state you see,
And your condition will be soon like mine—
They'll bring you too to want and misery.
A huge Green Bag delighted they display—
Gay as a lark I viewed the valued prize ;
But O ! its treasures melt in dirt away,
Beneath the flash of Brougham's inquiring eyes.
My sprightly Canning, soother of my cares,
Keen as a Rat the coming storm to see,
Departed, when I tamper'd with the pray'rs,
And left the Bag to Gifford and to me.
Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose gilded yacht has borne him to your shore :
Let not his wife chastise him with her fan ;
Oh ! give three cheers, if you can give no more.

Original.

FOR THE WESTERN CAROLINIAN.

The Athenian Club....No. V. BY OBADIAH LONGSTAFF, ESQ.

"We spend our years as a tale that is told".....BIBLE.
The four seasons of the year have been correctly compared to the gradations of human life. The vernal spring represents childhood and early youth; the summer, mature age; the fall, declining years; and dreary winter the frigidity of old age. Thus every season of the year reminds us of the continual change to which human nature is subject.

The autumnal period has now arrived, and the vegetable kingdom has, in a great degree, been divested of its foliage and odoriferous flowers. The present aspect of the forest is calculated to awaken moral reflections in those who believe in a future state of rewards and punishments. The natural world exhibits, in glowing colors, the impress of a Deity. The great luminary of heaven diffuses, by its radiant beams, light and heat to every object disseminated upon this sublunar world.—But the contracted mind of man is unable to explore with certainty the many suns and worlds which may be situated in the immensity of space. By the use of the Telescope, the science of astronomy has been enriched by the discovery of many planets, which, previous to that period, were unknown to mortal man; and had it not been for that noble invention, he would have remained in ignorance of these immense globes, which are situated at too great a distance to be viewed by the naked eye. The names of Newton and Ferguson have acquired immortality.—Their luxuriant imaginations, and prolific powers of invention, have shed a lustre upon the heavenly science of astronomy, unknown to their predecessors. Mankind are, therefore, much indebted to those illustrious men for their almost super-human discoveries.

But this is a digression from the original design of this essay. But the mind inadvertently took a flight from terrestrial to celestial objects, which the nature of the present subject is eminently calculated to inspire.

The present season of the year should remind every individual of the instability of human life, and the vanity of all human pur-

suits. It should place in every mind an idea of the image of himself. There is nothing within the reach of our senses so indicative of the various changes of animated nature, as the vegetable kingdom exhibits to our view. Every season of the year is depicted upon the countenances of the inhabitants of this lower world. Knowing that we are thus gliding with an almost imperceptible velocity upon the current of time, we should lose no opportunity in making preparation for the great and last change which awaits us. Were we possessed of the immense treasures of "Goldonda," they would avail us nought in this all-important hour. All earthly treasures and titles vanish from our view. Nothing but a consciousness of a virtuous and well-spent life affords consolation in a dying hour.

Impressed with such feelings, we here close the present number of the "Athenian Club," but not without the hope that it may remind our readers of the shortness and uncertainty of human life.

N. B. After the publication of this number of the "Athenian Club," we will make our exit, in order to make room for the proceedings of our State and National Legislatures.

HENRY FRANCISCO THE LONG-LIVED.

The New-York papers announce to us the recent death of HENRY FRANCISCO, at the astonishing age of one hundred and thirty-four years. At this moment the following extract from Professor Silliman's Tour between Hartford and Quebec, will not be uninteresting :—*Nat. Intel.*
The old man of the age of Louis XIV.

Two miles from Whitehall, on the Salem road to Albany, lives Henry Francisco, a native of France, and of a place which he pronounced Essex, but doubtless this is not the orthography, and the place was probably some obscure village, which may not be noticed in maps and Gazetteers.

Having a few hours to spare before the departure of the steam boat for St. John's in Canada, we rode out to see (probably) the oldest man in America. He believes himself to be one hundred and thirty-four years old, and the country around believe him to be of this great age. When we arrived at his residence, (a plain farmer's house, not painted, rather out of repair, and much open to the wind,) he was up stairs, at his daily work of spooling and winding yarn. This occupation is auxiliary to that of his wife, who is a weaver—and, although more than eighty years old, she weaves six yards a day, and the old man can supply her with more yarn than she can weave. Supposing he must be very feeble, we offered to go up stairs to him, but he soon came down, walking somewhat stooping, and supported by a staff, but with less apparent inconvenience than most persons exhibit at eighty-five or ninety. His stature is of the middle size, and, although his person is rather delicate and slender, he stoops but little, even when unsupported. His complexion is very fair and delicate, and his expression bright, cheerful, and intelligent. His features are handsome, and, considering that they have endured through one third part of a second century, they are regular, comely, and wonderfully undisfigured by the hand of time. His eyes are of a lively blue; his profile is Grecian, and very fine; his head is completely covered with the most beautiful and delicate white locks imaginable; they are so long and abundant as to fall gracefully from the crown of his head, parting regularly from a central point, and reaching down to his shoulders; his hair is perfectly white, except where it is thick in his neck—when parted there, it shews some few dark shades, the remnants of a former century.

He still retains the front teeth of his upper jaw; his mouth is not fallen in, like that of old people generally, and his lips, particularly, are like those of middle life; his voice is strong and sweet toned, although a little tremulous; his hearing very little impaired, so that a voice of usual strength, with distinct articulation, enables him to understand; his eye-sight is sufficient for his work, and he distinguishes large print, such as the title page of the Bible, without glasses; his health is good, and has always been so, except that he has now a cough and expectoration.

He informed us that his father, driven out of France by religious persecution, fled to Amsterdam; by his account it must have been on account of the persecutions of the French protestants, or Hugonots, in the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV. At Amsterdam, his father married his mother, a Dutch woman, five years before he was born, and, before that event, returned with her into France. When he was five years old, his father again fled on account of "de religion," as he expressed it, (for his language, although very intelligible English, is marked by French peculiarities.) He says, he well remembers their flight, and that it was in the winter.

From these dates we are enabled to fix the time of his birth, provided he is correct in the main fact; for he says he was present at Queen Anne's coronation, and was then sixteen years old, the 31st day of May, old style. His father, (as he asserts,) after his return from Holland, had again been driven from France, by persecution, and the second time took refuge in Holland, and afterwards in England, where he resided, with his family, at the time of the coronation of Queen Anne, in 1702. This makes Francisco to have been born in 1686; to have been expelled from France in 1691, and therefore to have completed his hundred and thirty-third year on the 11th of last June; of course he is now more than three months advanced in his hundred and thirty-fourth year. It is notorious, that about this time multitudes of French protestants fled, on account of the persecutions of Louis XIV, resulting from the revocation of the edict of Nantes, which occurred October 12, 1685; and, notwithstanding the guards upon the frontiers, and other measures of precaution or rigor, to prevent emigration, it is well known that, for years, multitudes continued to make their escape, and that thus Louis lost six hundred thousand of his best and most useful subjects. I asked Francisco if he saw Queen Anne crowned? He replied, with great animation, and with an elevated voice, "Ah ! dat I did, and a fine looking woman she was too, as any dat you will see now a days."

He said he fought in all Queen Anne's wars, and was at many battles, and under many commanders, but his memory fails, and he cannot remember their names, except the Duke of Marlborough, who was one of them.

He has been much cut up by wounds, which he shewed us, but cannot always give a very distinct account of his warfare.

He came out, with his father, from England, to New-York, probably early in the last century, but cannot remember the date.

Henry Francisco has been, all his life, a very active and energetic, although not a stout framed man. He was formerly fond of spirits, and did, for a certain period, drink more than was proper, but that habit appears to have been long abandoned.

In other respects he has been remarkably abstemious, eating but little, and particularly abstaining almost entirely from animal food, his favorite articles being tea, bread and butter, and baked apples. His wife said that, after such a breakfast, he would go out and work till noon; then dine upon the same, if he could get it, and then take the same at night, and particularly that he always drank tea, whenever he could obtain it, three cups at a time, three times a day.

The eldest people in the vicinity remember Francisco, as being always, from their earliest recollection, much older than themselves; and a Mr. Fuller, who recently died here, between 80 and 90 years of age, thought Francisco was one hundred and forty.

On the whole, although the evidence rests, in a degree, on his own credibility, still, as many things corroborate it, and as his character appears remarkably sincere, guileless, and affectionate, I am inclined to believe that he is as old as he is stated to be. He is really a most remarkable and interesting old man; there is nothing, either in his person or dress, of the negligence and squalidness of extreme age, especially when not in elevated circumstances; on the contrary, he is agreeable and attractive, and were he dressed in a superior manner, and placed in a handsome and well furnished apartment, he would be a most beautiful old man.

Little could I have expected to converse, and shake hands with a man who has been a soldier in most of the wars of this country for one hundred years—who, more than a century ago, fought under Marlborough, in the wars of Queen Anne, and who, (already grown up to manhood,) saw her crowned one hundred and seventeen years since; who, one hundred and twenty-eight years ago, and in the century before the last, was driven from France by the proud, magnificent, and intolerant Louis XIV, and who has lived a forty-fourth part of all the time that the human race have occupied this globe!

What an interview! It is like seeing one come back from the dead, to relate the events of centuries, now swallowed up in the abyss of time!

Religious.

FROM THE CHARLESTON COURIER.

BEWARE OF INTEMPERANCE.

"He is a glutton and a drunkard; and all the men of the city shall stone him with stones that he die."

[DEUT. XXI. 29, 31.]

This was a part of that awful law, promulgated in thunderings from Mount Sinai, for the government of the Israelites. If there was a stubborn and rebellious son, who was a glutton and a drunkard, and would not obey the voice of his father or his mother, he was to be brought to the elders at the gate of the city, where he was to be stoned to death, that evil might be put away from the land, and that

all Israel should hear and fear. The austerity of the Mosaic dispensation has, it is true, been meliorated by the milder reign of the Gospel of Peace, but still the whole artillery of Jehovah's wrath is arrayed against intemperance.

It is not expected that any additional terrors can be thrown across the path of those who are indulging in this detestable vice, especially when they disregard the denunciations of their Creator—yet, while we daily witness its deleterious effects on society, it seems to be the duty of all to contribute their mite towards arresting its progress. The brightest laurels of the veteran soldier are often tarnished by it; the well earned reputation of the patriot statesman is frequently obscured from a want of firmness to resist this evil; and sometimes, even the elevated character of the reverend divine is prostrated by a too ready acquiescence in it. In private circles, we see it constantly destroying the peace of hundreds—and those who were the most happy become the most miserable.

Will my readers accompany me to that wretched hovel, and view the emaciated beings that inhabit it? See the agonized mother bending with sorrow over her unfortunate offspring; tears have robbed her eyes of their lustre—and her piteous aspect bespeaks inimitable woe;—her prospects were once cheering, and her animated countenance disclosed the calm serenity of her bosom. Little did she think, when she gave her plighted hand at the altar, and when pure and unsullied affection lit up the flame of her incense, that the object of her adoration would leave her to penury and want,—but, alas! in the flower of her days, she has to pass through the furnace of affliction.

He, who was bound by all the sacred ties of love and honor, to nourish and support the tender plant consigned to his care, leaves it to perish for want of his fostering attention. She pines away her days in secret anguish, and bathes her nightly couch in tears—while he is wasting his days and nights in dissipation and debauchery. The time was when he would zealously have reprobated such ingratitude in others—but the syren voice of pleasure enticed him from his wife and his home, to court his own destruction. Conscience, at first, was reproachful, and caused some slight repugnance; he has now been so long a votary to his wine, that this silent but faithful monitor is totally disregarded;—and the tears of a weeping wife have long since been unavailing. At his death, (which, from his trembling limbs and bloated countenance, appears nigh at hand,) he can bequeath nothing to his children but beggary and distress—they cannot even boast of that poor inheritance—a father's good name. His helpless and innocent partner too, with broken heart, is fast verging towards the tomb;—her painful conflicts will soon be over. Peace to her bosom as she heaves her last swelling sighs. May she enjoy that happiness in another and a better world, which her virtues entitled her to in this.

Behold that widowed mother, reclining with maternal sorrow over the last earthly remains of her only son. Had he fallen by the casual diseases incident to our nature, or been cut down by the cruel hand of pestilence, her anguish might admit of some alleviation, and her tears be sweetened by the recollection of his many virtues—but this soothing palliative is taken from her. In the morning of his life, disregarding her advice and entreaties, he became a companion of the devotees of intemperance—and rushed into the vortex of dissipation, which soon erased all the tender admonitions of her who was wrapped up in his welfare. He was hurried on by the seductive voice of the sons of wickedness, until he became too deeply involved in turpitude, and enfeebled by disease, to regain his former purity—and fell a victim to his own imprudence and folly. There was a time when a mother's soothing voice could calm the agitated sensibilities of youth, and when it was his highest happiness to gratify her and relieve her of her cares—when he proudly and generously anticipated the period that he could repay her for all her maternal solicitude. That time has passed away. He is now insensible to her warning voice—and his cold clay can make no retribution for the errors of his life. The grave admits of no atonement.

Would that such examples, which are continually before our eyes, might have the tendency to arrest the progress of some amiable youth, as he stands on the threshold of this pernicious practice. Let him pause and reflect, ere reflection be too late, that, by pursuing his course, he may bring the grey hairs of his venerable parents in sorrow to the grave—and involve himself in irretrievable ruin and disgrace. Retrace thy steps—and the Angel of Mercy may, in kindness, drop a tear over thy transgression, and blot it out of the book of remembrance. Flee from the alluring arts of the seducer—and sedulously cultivate those virtues which will make thee respected here and happy hereafter.